

# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"It wasn't the Crossroads," said the old gentleman, pushing the table away and relaxing his limbs on the sofa. "They probably didn't have anything to do with it. We thought they had at first, but everybody's about come to believe it was those two fellows that he had arrested yesterday."

"It wasn't the Crossroads," echoed Minnie, and she began to tremble violently. "Haven't they been out there yet?"

"What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."

"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We saw them, Helen and I."

The judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years until that morning. "What's this?" he said sharply.

"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and—and you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Crossroads; that they would think of any one else. And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was away off from where we saw them and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them!"

He interrupted her. "What do you mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

She told him breathlessly what she and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast; then, returning, he climbed the fence and followed them northward through the next field. From there the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main street, stretched to the railroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night waiting for the 1 o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in many places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Crossroads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men walking west and examining the ground on each side and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of Six Crossroads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another far down the track repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came almost immediately three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station, and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment.

The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both north-west and southeast in the clean washed air like examples of perspective in a child's drawing book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Boston. In the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six Crossroads.

The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right, and there were many deep foot-prints in the sand. Men were examining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.

"You see, them two must have knowed about the 1 o'clock freight and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way: When they got out the window they beat through the storm straight for this side track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footin' and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any-

except Briscoe's, where he's said good night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along and gets to where we are precisely at the time they do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him and raised up on him and let him have it. What they done it with I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron, and what they done with him afterward we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively. Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man in this crowd to set my foot in Roowun and first to beat in that jail door I'm not town marshal of Plattville, county of Carlow, state of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain and quickly turned away. Then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith.

"Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat. He looked out over the sunlit fields and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there. Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seems to me," he added brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fisbee and me, and all of us old husks, and—and"—he gulped suddenly, then finished—"and at the fool and take a boy that's the best we had. I wish the Almighty would take Peter off the gate. He ain't fit fer it."

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. Today as he slowly limped over the ties his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and, though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and, though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelman," he asked, "please t' be so good ez t' show de ob-main whud de White Caps is dom-shoot Marse Hawkless?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whud lay on de groun' whay yo' staid, gelman. Dass whud dey laid 'im, an' dass whud he lie," the old negro continued. "De shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, bu' dey druggen he lie." He bent over again, his kneeit groaning and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said as a man might place his hand on a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of heartiness.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" I heard his voice as if calling. "Is you gone, suth-mars?"

ed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssuh!"

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay; stolid rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkless lies yondeh, hidin' fum de light o' day. An' 'im"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed north-west—"he lies yondeh. You won' fine 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fiel's, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whud dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a cawl!"

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at the judge Briscoe.

"An' Jass de main," he cried; "dass de main kin tell yo' Ah speak de trufe!"

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the courthouse bell like fury. Do as I say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it today, but somehow"—He paused.



"Ah's bawn wid a cawl!" they then. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Crossroads. If there's a chance of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the judge's speech.

"Bring him back!" God could, maybe, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and, as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square!" he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of shape!" cried Eph.

"Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the westbound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood or cared what he said or in the general excitement even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared and the noise of its rush grey faint the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pell-mell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week she'd never have known John Harkless!"

CHAPTER IX. ALL morning horsemen had been whirling through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, often in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling sailor run, suit with a superstitious horror of nothing. She hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by. Sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard and got out the shotgun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready. The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said a sleeping—country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unmarred, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unmurmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphic broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head; that was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

(To Be Continued.)

\*Sick headache is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and is quickly cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

J. E. Allen, formerly of Lowndesville, was shot and killed at Selma, Ala., on Wednesday.

Makes Homely Women Pretty. \*No woman no matter how regular her features may be can be called pretty if her complexion is bad. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup aids digestion and clears sallow, blotched complexions by stimulating the liver and bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Remember the name Orino and refuse to accept any substitute. Durant's Pharmacy.

New Russian Loan. St. Petersburg, October 12.—The Bourse Gazette announces that negotiations are in progress with American bankers, looking to the floating of a Russian loan of 500,000,000 roubles.

How to Cure Corns and Bunions. \*First, soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it; then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by all druggists.

Liverpool, October 11.—Forty-two American students, the winners of the Cecil Rhodes' scholarships, arrived this morning and went direct to Oxford.

A Card. \*This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures the grippe cough and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Durant's Pharmacy.

A. Jefferson Gregory has been acquitted at Lancaster of the charge of murder. He shot and killed W. Thomas Catoe at Kershaw on August 8th.

Faith Not Necessary. \*You may be just as skeptical and pessimistic as you please. Kodol will digest what you eat whether you eat or not. You can put your food in a bowl, pour a little Kodol Dyspepsia Cure on it and it will digest it the same as it will in your stomach. It can't help but cure indigestion and dyspepsia. It is curing hundreds and thousands—some had faith and some didn't. Kodol will cure you if medicine can cure you, whether you have faith or not. Sold by all druggists.

VOTED OUT IN DARLINGTON.

Large Majority Recorded in an Untrammelled Election—Only Two Boxes for Dispensary.

Darlington, October 10.—The dispensary was voted out of Darlington county today by over two to one.

The result came as a surprise to many, for while the anti-dispensary forces had been confident of winning, no one expected the dispensary to go out by such a large majority. One precinct, Clyde, voted solidly for prohibition while two others, Society Hill and Palmetto, out of a total vote of 87 polled only two and one respectively, for the dispensary. All precincts except two have been heard from and out of the 12 that have reported only two have given the dispensary majorities and those are very small.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

A Pleasure To All. \*No pill is as pleasant and positive as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills are so mild and effective that children, delicate ladies and weak people enjoy their cleansing effect, while strong people say they are the best liver pills sold. Sold by all druggists.

Judge Prince has directed the Charleston grand jury to make an investigation of charges of grafting preferred against the magistrates of that county.

## ABUSING AMERICA.

A German Paper Vents Its Spleen by Villifying American Army and Navy.

Berlin, October 11.—The leading conservative newspaper, the Preussische Kreuzzeitung prints what is called an expose of the claim that the United States is a great military and naval power. It characterizes the American army as rotten and says it is made up of "miserable material." It also declares that the Russian army is superior to it. Among other things it says the Americans are patriotic only with their mouths.

The attorney general's office has been asked if it was lawful to sell 22-calibre cartridges without a license. Mr. Youmans wrote in reply that it was illegal to sell cartridges without a license, and that it made no difference whether they were 22-calibre or 32-calibre, a license must be obtained for their sale.

A new stock telephone company has been organized at Fort Lawn with 42 subscribers and bright prospects. The stockholders pay \$10 each and a rental of 40 cents per month. Mr. Less Abernathy is president and Mr. Chapman manager of the company. A private line has been strung to Great Falls and a regular line to Chester.

Doctors Said He Would Not Live. \*Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes: "After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Waynesburg, and still getting worse, the doctors advised me if I had any business to attend to I had better attend to it at once, as I could not possibly live another month, as there was no cure for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me by a friend, and I immediately sent my son to the store for it, and after taking three bottles I began to get better and continued to improve until I was entirely well." Durant's Pharmacy.

TO REMOVE Freckles and Pimples IN TEN DAYS, USE NADINOLA THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER.

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THE NADINOLA GIRL (Formerly advertised and sold as SATINOLA.)

No change in formula or package. The name only has been changed to avoid confusion, as we cannot afford to have so valuable preparation confused with any other. NADINOLA is guaranteed, and money will be refunded in every case where it fails to remove freckles, pimples, liver spots, collar discolorations, back-heads, disgusting eruptions, etc. The worst cases in 20 days. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy, and restores the beauty of youth. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold in each city by all leading druggists, or by mail. Prepared only by National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn. Sold in Sumner by China's Drug Store and leading druggists. Mon-Thurs-Sat-Wkly.

Don't be Imposed Upon.

\*Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. These worthless imitations have similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitute. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. Durant's Pharmacy.

The net income of the Atlantic Coast Line in South Carolina during the year ending June 30, was \$4,608,712.36. Dividends amounting to \$2,102,655.00 were paid, leaving a surplus of \$2,506,057.36.

A Judicious Inquiry. \*A well known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or for an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it, and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by all druggists.

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## So Tired

It may be from overwork, but the chances are its from an inactive LIVER.

With a well conducted LIVER one can do mountains of labor without fatigue.

It adds a hundred per cent to ones earning capacity.

It can be kept in healthful action by, and only by

## Tutt's Pills

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

## Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased. Mr. D. Kaubie, of Nevada, O., says: "I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me." Kodol Digests What You Eat and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure. Bottles only \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/4 times the trial size, which sells for 50c. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO. For Sale by All Druggists.

## FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. DURANT'S PHARMACY.

The Largest and Most Complete Establishment South

Geo. S. Hasker & Son,

SASH WEIGHTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, Moulding & Building Material.

office and Warerooms, King, opposite Cannon Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Purchase our make, which we guarantee superior to any sold South, and thereby save money.

Window and Fancy Glass a Specialty

October 16-c